

## Dark Sermon

### "Forfeit II: Worn Thin"

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And all I see are flaws  
In the ones I claim to love  
My heart is as cold and dead  
As the eyes watching me from above

This cruel world emptied me out  
Then buried what was left  
Hollow and broken  
A sinner like the rest

My body is falling apart  
And my mind is even worse  
I can't keep living this  
My existence is a curse

God is laughing  
I can hear it in my sleep  
Black spills from these wounds  
He carves so deep

Trial and tribulations  
Have worn me thin  
No body, just brittle bones  
Crudely wrapped in tattered skin

And in my head  
Is a voice that says  
I'm a waste of life (I'm a waste of life)  
I'm better off dead  
And in my head  
Is a voice that says  
I'm a waste of life (I'm a waste of life)  
I'm better off dead

I am a waste of life  
I'm better off dead  
I am a waste of life  
I'm better off dead

But I'm as dead as I'll ever be  
But I'm as dead as I'll ever be

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